

THE BOZO SUNSET



THIS ISSUE YOU ARE GONMA SEE
A GUY TALKING ABOUT GUNS
WETHR (ITSD AALL SUUNY)

FUN

JOKES

PUNS

TDTDI F MI IDNED

GET READY FOR



HILARI

A 2070





Mornin' with Moniker at 88.9 EZ Street

A transcription of Moniker's morning radio show

"Mornin, losers! Been. A. Minute. I've been enjoying sleeping in a little bit but my cute little nest egg has been spent away so it's time to get my dayjob going again. You heard that? These assholes started paying me. Seems they realized they had more listeners than usual before the mornin crew showed up."

"I don't hate it and I can do whatever I want assuming I don't open any of the emails management keeps sending me. But, I am back so here's a little music while the morning caff marinates a little."

A song plays about sunny, shiny days accompanied by an orchestral choir.

"I was thinking, if this becomes a more consistent thing then I might need some other personality to sit across from me. Maybe my segment here will get a sponsor or two. What gonk would even pay for this shit?"

The woman laughs and a beeping can be heard near the microphone.

"Ah, dammit. I think this thing was ringing-

"Hello, is this Moniker? I'm calling via your direct call line."

"Yea, yea, ah, what's up buddy. I definitely meant to answer your call. Some asshole must have swapped the labels on some of the buttons up here."

"In your own station? I find that unlikely, regardless, I request your help."

"Shit, choom, I just sit in the chair. I don't own the place. That would be... well, let's hear it. What's the problem?"

"There was some recent news regarding a Militech Break-in, and there were some people I believe were wrongly applied as accessories."

"You want me to give you advice about breaking and entering?"

"I... Yes? I suppose I would like some advice regarding the situation."

"Damn, I thought this was going to be something juicier. Tell your gonk friends to wear masks, first. And maybe remove any name tags they got hanging on their scop-cart uniforms before doing questionable shit."

The woman takes a drag of her cigarette close to the mic.

"Ya know, given a few seconds to process your confession, my son, I don't even know what the big deal is. The fuckin pigs gonna come hassle people for breaking into something Militech? They're the assholes right now, yea? It's their fuckin pretend army camped out in the Badlands, in't it?. Militech is the reason prices are blown through the damn ceiling."

"I mean, all corpos are shitbags but Militech is like top-tier fuckin trash right now more than usual. Ten pounds of shit in a five pound bag kinda shitty corpo activity over there."

"Are they even paying NCPD? That would be weird. If somebody wants to take anyone in for inconveniencing some nonce-ass Militech suits then they should be charging you for not burning the whole damn place down like a legend. People speaking out against Militech getting bashed are living in the wrong fuckin city right now, that's what I think."

"Fuck Militech. Steal more of their shit. That's my advice."

Stone's Weapons Corner



Listen up and learn a bit, knuckleheads.



Have you ever wanted to be Batman?

You ever want to get out your existential angst by beating a criminal close to death?

You ever want to terrorize homeless people just trying to make a living by stealing shit from people?

The Ranger Combat Boomerang won't help you escape the death of your parents, but it will certainly make you feel like you can.

Everest VentureWare is usually known for their utility survival equipment; prime example is the SurvivalMaster which is a chopped down rifle meant for backpacking. Reliability and power are not usually a consideration with their design. However, a broken clock is right twice a day (the spinny circle thing that people say you can tell time with).

It's heavy for a throwing weapon, at roughly a pound and a half, that's .68kg for you Eurobeans. That, combined with its sharpened edge, allows it to defeat soft-body armor designed to stop bullet rather than blades.

That alone is slightly terrifying, however, with a Targeting Scope, it's homing feature allows it to return to you at exceptionally high speeds. This thing likely has a sort of recharging propeller, because it will slice through someone's throat and then return to your hand fast enough so you can throw it at someone else's throat before they can react.

If you practice a lot of athletic activity, baseball, stickball, the likes, you will find that this will be an exceptionally easy weapon to handle. In fact, I believe that this is the perfect self-defense item for your kid.

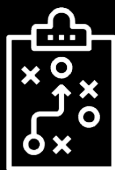
If you give this to a child, they will kill someone with it, and it's auto-homing means it'll will return on its own AND it's onboard computer will mean it always safely lands in their hands.

My projection is that if Everest VentureWare can recognize the potential in the product and start focusing on the under 14 market then they'd make a fantastic investment. Issue is that the rest of their line-up is absolute dog-water. The other issue is the cost at 1000eb, means that it effectively prices-out a chunk of its audience. Maybe that's why the Utility Tomahawk is also being sold at a 100eb, but since it doesn't return...

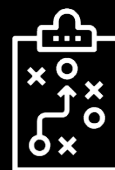
You can see my dilemma. That and its inability to be hidden on your person means that it isn't good for plain-clothes security. However, if you are a Nomad or a merc Solo that doesn't care about open carrying then this thing is perfect.



Stone's Tactics Corner



Knowledge takes up no space, corpses do.



Have you ever considered what kind of Solo you are? In between firefights, do you ponder at the greater questions of life? Questions like, "Should I buy a suit so the Corps think I'm one of them?" Or, "Should I take some acting classes so I can sneak past guards better?" My friend, I have something important to tell you. You might have a severe case of SSD; Solo Specialization Disease. You should worry, because it is VERY contagious.

Specialized Solos are a simple concept.

Someone with an education would define it as:

"A Solo who learns appropriate skills and uses tailored equipment to fulfill expectations of a certain role."

I'd define it as:

"I got a hidden holster in my ass cheek, because my boss said I can't open carry."

Specialized Solos are nothing new. I've killed Solos of every type. However, the ones I've killed the most of are not specialized. Generally, they are dumbasses who think they will do everything but simply can't do anything.

They train themselves in odd ways.

They do crazy bullshit.

They die quickly.

The only true consistency with unspecialized solos is that they usually end up splattered on a pavement or banned from stepping into any orphanage. But, the thing you gotta ask yourself is why? Why have you heard that story before?

It's because that fucker didn't know his god damn limits!

In one of my old medical books, titled Solo of Fortune: Focus on Solos (pp. 11), the writer Bill Sharpe wrote that "The solo who tries to do it all is a dead solo..." He couldn't be more right. Newsflash, shoot-gooder doesn't make you god. Being the master of none doesn't make you god either. Especially when you aren't the jack of shit.

Know your weakness and play to your strengths or I'll be the one that finds out for you.

Now that I have sufficiently scared you, allow me to open your eyes.

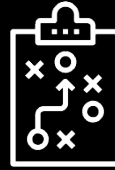
Grunts, Raiders, Infiltrators and Gray-men. If you bought a generic bag of Solo's Fruity Crunch cereal, these would be the flavors. All of them have specialized equipment and gear that is unique to them. I will quantify that these are far more related to the method the Solo decides to take rather than a paint-job. A 'dopher ganger can find himself anywhere on this spectrum just as much as a Arasaka Bodyguard.

Now, time to define them.

Stone's Tactics Corner



The Grunt, also known as the reason shields exist.



Grunts.

Their ideology revolves around sustainability, survivability and firepower.

These guys trade flair for form-factor.

Concealability for high casualty producing weaponry.

Consequences for caution.

All of these combines to create a monster with purpose. Do not under any circumstance underestimate the intelligence of a grunt. You'd ordinarily think that a jarhead's first response will be close to brain-dead, but they will violently surprise you.

How do you think some people are paying their student loan debts?

If eating crayons speaks out to you, then allow me to further pontificate. My recommendation for grunts is communication and firepower. Your strength relies on your ability to kill as many fuckers as quickly as possible. If you don't, the enemy will start getting opportunities to hurt your buddies. Don't fuck around trying chokehold somebody. Every second you aren't killing, someone else is. Kill them, next bad-guy. Kill them, next bad-guy. More the better.

The other end is you need to TAKE cover. It's not yours so STEAL IT. Every bullet that hits you is one more chance for it to be your last, so don't get shot.

Don't take a bullet for someone.

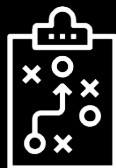
Kill the fucker who shot them, so they don't get a second chance.

Inspo on Grunts:

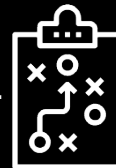


For those 20's fans out there, the well-known Shaitan was a Grunt, he was able to take a beating, and able to dish one out just as easily. Come on, did you really think the big FBC was going to be anything else other than a Grunt? Be honest with yourself from time to time.

Stone's Tactics Corner



Raiders, or the guy you give the crayon and napkin to.



Raiders.

Their ideology revolves around planning, speed and overkill. These guys trade sustainability for efficiency.

A grunt will clear a building to kill one dude.

A raider will survey, blow open a wall and take out the target before booking it.

They know they are outgunned, outnumbered and don't have time. That doesn't matter if all you need is a door-cracker and a single bullet.

These guys will engage in a fire-fight, but it is only to achieve their goals. After that, leave.

My further notes for people who pursue this is simple. Follow your own damn rules and plan.

I watched a teammate get her head blown off after she said, "No plan survives first contact with the enemy!" I prefer, "Plans are useless, planning is invaluable." Your preparedness to shoot someone in the face doesn't matter. Your preparedness that a single door is the only entry for his buddies will make the difference.

Before every gig, I write an Operational Risk Management document. Look it up. I identify all the risks inherent to my objective, rate them by danger, and then think about controls and their effectiveness.

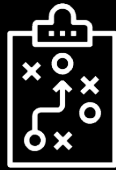
If the objective is dependent on not being spotted, then finding the generator to cut the power helps. Better yet, identifying who is the least sneaky team-member and telling them to wait somewhere can be the difference between life and death. **Knowing is half the battle!**

Inspo on Raiders:



The man, the myth, the legend. Morgan Blackhand was a Raider and should be what a Raider aspires to be. He was skilled, deadly in a fight, and as smart as Solos get. Planning doesn't mean you should be useless when guns are drawn unexpectedly, it just means that you know when to leave nails to the hammer in the team.

Stone's Tactics Corner



Infiltrators, the answer to that one silent tree problem.



Infiltrators.

Preference is less-than-loud. These guys will use everything at their disposal to subvert existing security measures to get to their objective before walking away. Time is not a factor for an infiltrator and no price is too high for the equipment at their disposal. They will take the absolute hardest route to do something, because more often than not the enemy never thought someone would take that route. If spotted, they will retaliate with ferocity and precision because the alternative is them dying.

When doing Infiltration operations the first most necessary thing that comes to my mind is the acronym I-ATE-MUD. It's based on Army manual, FM 20-3 from 1999.

1. I - dentify detection capabilities.
2. A - void routine surveillance.
3. T - ake countermeasures for sensors.
4. E - mploy realistic Camo, Concealment, Decoys.
5. M - inimize route.
6. U - se decoys.
7. D - iverge from predictable operation patterns.

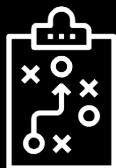
For a break down, Find out what measures the enemy uses to sense infiltrations and categorize them by weakness. I'd highly recommend buying a small camera or small drone that can help you recon an area without suspicion. Better, yet identify an area that your enemy doesn't give a shit that you inhabit and just survey them through a peep-hole. Once you do that, you can find the capabilities.

Drones, turrets and traps are easily avoided because they are routine. People can be deceived. Avoiding routine surveillance is easy, if you wait long enough you can figure out that enemies only are in an area every fifteen minutes. Do not rely on your enemy, but if you see an opportunity provided by the enemy's habits then take full advantage.

Taking countermeasures is dependent on what your enemy has, so take what works best. If the enemy employs a lot of turrets and cameras then a Microwaver can temporarily disable equipment without permanent damage. There is a whole avenue of equipment to disable, obscure or destroy enemy equipment used to detect people so I'd browse the catalogues.

Employing realistic CCD is the opposite end. Using tactics and equipment to obscure your own ability to be detected is just as important as equipment to disable the eyes of the enemy. Stealth-Suits are interesting, but have some obvious issues. Cover and concealment is always available, but you need to know how to take advantage of it. Lastly, a thermal blanket can be effective against old or less advance UU/IRs. Though, I don't recommend depending on that knowledge because instead a person it just makes you look like a trashbag.

Stone's Tactics Corner



Infiltrators, continued, because if you fail, we die.



Minimizing route is also important. The longer the path means the more of a chance to leave a trace. That also means more opportunities for an enemy to spot you or for you to fumble something. I also would categorize limiting the amount of necessary steps for infiltration in here. The more step you have to take equally means the more chances of a catastrophic failure.

Decoys are about diverting attention away from yourself. A small speaker will draw attention just as well as a car crash. These can be used for infiltration or exfiltration, but be cautious. The more spectacular the decoy the more of a chance it'll increase the reaction of an enemy. A papercut out of a person placed in an alleyway might mean they investigate jack shit while you escape through the sewers.

Lastly, don't use the same tactic over and over. Enemies learn and the more you rely on something the more it'll hurt when it gets kicked from underneath you.

Follow procedure, adapt accordingly, and you'll do your part with flying colors.

Fail at any of these steps, and I really hope no one in your team has a family that loves them.

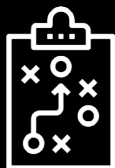
Inspo for Infiltrators



You may not know him, but this is Lyle Thompson, the man who, is said, alongside Rogue, infiltrated Arasaka Tower to, well. You know the stories. Whether you believe them or not, Lyle is not a grunt or a raider, he's a Media for crying out loud, but he knows how to get into places, and knows how to wield a gun.

Why didn't I use Rogue's likeness? Because the last person that showed her face without permission had to pick up their teeth with broken fingers.

Stone's Tactics Corner



Grey-men, no, not the aliens, you gonk.



Last, but certainly not least; Gray-men.

Concealment over everything. They don't infiltrate through vents. Grey-men walk through the back door, enter the locker-room and just put on someone's uniform and badge. Hell, that might even be too bombastic. I've gotten into more venues by simply holding a crate and saying, "I'm with the DJ."

The entire ethos of this type of solo is simple. Blend into the background, the less you stand out the better. The less questionable your actions or attire the better. You are just some guy, look like it. Frequent usage of disguises, training in acting and being a studied conversationalist are very frequent of these types. I'm no expert in this role, but I've traded a cigarette for a light more times than I can count. Sometimes it's enough to scan a keycard. Sometimes it's enough to pickpocket a hand-gun. Sometimes it's enough to put a bullet in the back of someone's head.

This style is pure and utter opportunity mixed with homework. The Gray-man's ultimate goal is to be seen but not detected. They walk into places already knowing where they can and can't be. They find their target. Put their arm over their target's shoulder while walking into an office and walk out with a single drop of blood on their shoes. Often, they will find out what all the clients in a room will be wearing. Go in the exact same attire. Chat up a few people. Then order four plain-clothes guards to grab an assassin before anyone even notices.

Word to the wise, a Targeting Scope in a Smart-Lens is a fast way to get yourself killed at a celebrity party.

Inspo for Gray Men

Guess what, there's no known Gray-men, want to know why?

Because if you are good at your job, no one recognizes you.

Because if you are a known Gray-man, then you already fucked up.

Because, accept it you wannabe ninja, if you are a Gray-man, you are going to die twice as quick as you can.

If anyone remembers your name, then anything and everything you ever loved is at risk, and God forbid that happens when you are still alive.

You wanna be a Gray-man?

Then you want to be the biggest nobody this city has ever met.

Think about that when you next chat up your friendly neighbor Greg. Who knows, maybe he has a gun up his sleeve and is playing the long game.

Don't shoot your neighbor, but be ready to.



BOZO WEATHER

NIGHT CITY WEATHER FORECAST

April of 2070

By **Cloudhead**

Good morning, Night City!

Mo' months, mo' weather.

Today we are taking a look at the month of April, a very funny month if you allow me to say that, why you must ask? Well it turns out that our scientists over at the weather observation center have anticipated a radical change of season for April, I'll let Dr. Charles Lown explain it.


































Thank you Cloudhead.

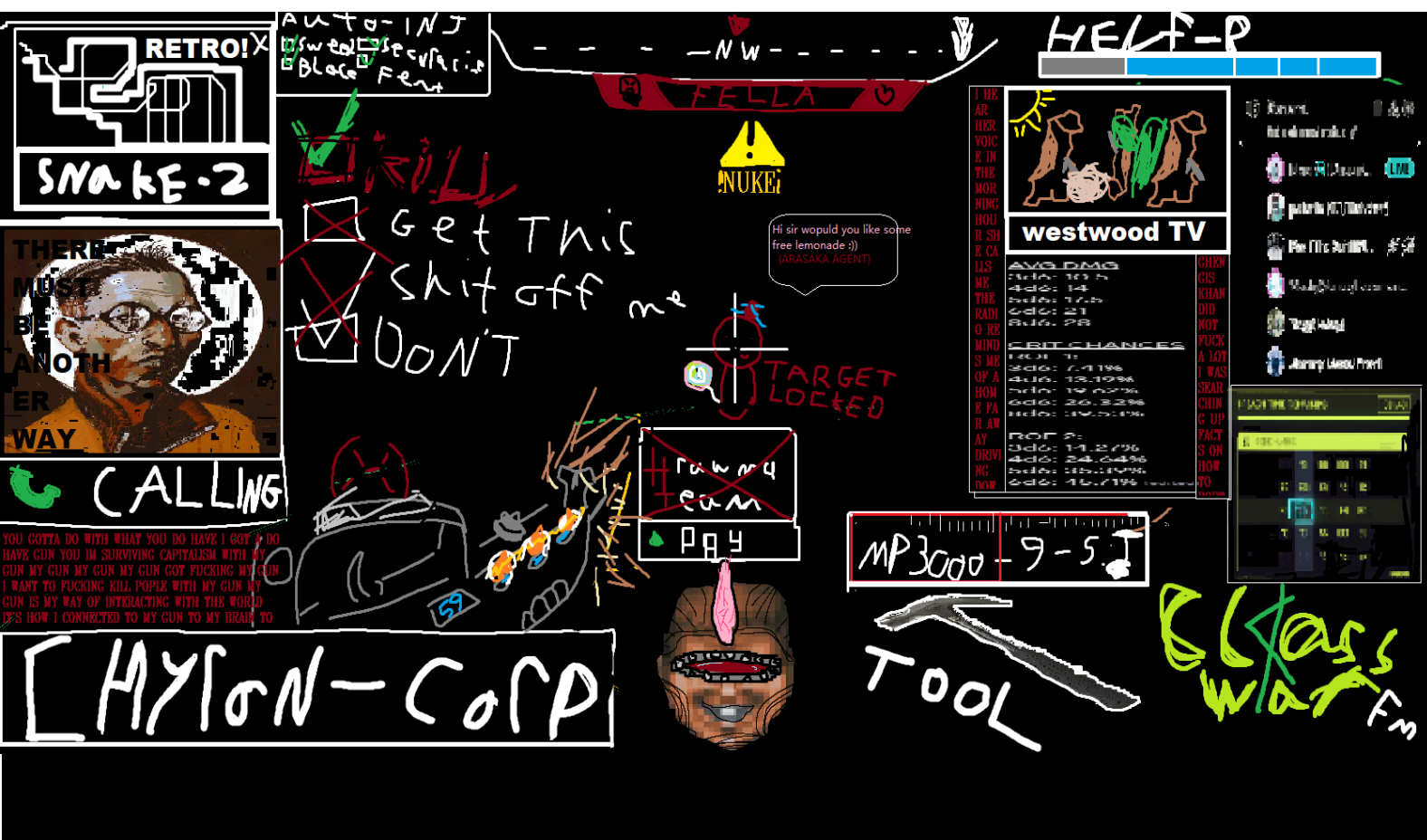
As foretold by the great roulette of forecasts, April is going to be a time of great change.

Our studies show the following

- There will be a 20% increase in confetti storms.
 - The sun will be using mirrorshades, not sunglasses. Homeless people are advised to hide below bridges, lest they be struck by the wrath of Helios
 - LOVE is in the air! Yes, the drug commonly known as LOVE is in the air, unless citizens wish to lose their skin, smog masks are recommended.
 - A singular cloud was spotted, and it was promptly swatted away. Expect sun every day.
 - Per new policy, Mondays don't exist anymore, and they are called "Sunday 2" now.
 - A red nose has been put on the sun.
- This has been Charles Lown, wishing you a very funny Hilaria.

April Calendar

Sunday	Sunday 2	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1 	2 	3 	4 	5 
6 	7 	8 	9 	10 	11 	12 
13 	14 	15 	16 	17 	18 	19 
20 	21 	22 	23 	24 	25 	26 
27 	28 	29 	30 			





Night City Fashion!

Because when doing funny business, you have big shoes to fill

April of 2070

By Pagucci

Good morning clowns!

Here's Pagucci with your monthly fashion report, and get ready because this month we've got some juicy deets for you to impress the guests at your next show!

After the Night City theatre decided to do a reenactment of Pagliacci for the festivities, every single clown under the sun wants to be Canio, and you know what that means? Exactly! **Bohemian is back in fashion**, everyone's running around looking like murder clowns, and you can take advantage of that by, well, becoming a murder clown yourself, show off a bit of culture and all that, y'know?

Besides that, you know what else is in fashion?

Oh, you don't?

Think a little, a small, nothingburger of a festivity is happening in the city... Oh choom, I wonder... You need a tip? Try turning the page.

THAT'S RIGHT YOU MORON

HILARIA IS ON, READY TO OVERLOAD YOUR NEUROPORTS WITH JOKES, PUNS, CLOWNS, AND BATS TO THE HEAD!

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? GANG COLORS IS ON BABY! GET THAT CLOWN OUTFIT ON!

Oh, wait, you wanted fashion that's not related to clowns? Why would you want that? Fuck you!

You will use a clown outfit of any kind and you are gonna like it, or I'm gonna tear you limb from limb and feed you to the Great bozo.

This Month's Fashion!

April's fashion of the month will be **Bohemian and Gang Colors**. If you're wearing at least one piece from either or both fashions, you gain a +2 to Wardrobe & Style!

If you have at least 3 pieces of High Fashion you're wearing, you're always in fashion no matter the monthly fashion.

HILARIA 2070!

-----> What you need to know, and who you need to know <-----

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!!!

Well choom, another year has passed, and you know what that means, right?

No, you gonk! Not goals, self-fulfilling missions and all that bullcrap you've been seeing on the net, I'm talking about the ACTUAL fun part of a new year!

Why of course, I'm talking about **HILARIA**!

You didn't think that because some of our boys have decided to become one with chrome and all that stupid shit maelstrom says, that we've forgotten to bring you your healthy dose of mayhem?

None 'bout that choom, Hilaria is as strong as ever! And you wanna keep up with this one, because ever since the Big Top rebellion of '45, we're for once, having all our honchos fight over who gets to earn the title of Great Bozo! You heard me right-on choom, whoever wins this, gets to be the Great Bozo until someone decides to start a new civil war and spread their guts on the streets...

But until then, this is your chance to get in with the actual big players of this city, because, let's be honest, money? Power? Rep? Influence? Those are all come and go but laughs always last! We laugh at a good joke, at a court joker, or at that gonk who is jumping off a building because they gambled all their money away! And the (future) Great Bozo, gets to control the monopoly on jokes.

So, as a favor, I will be presenting you to your future employers for this month, why am I doing this? Fuck if I know, I just do shit because I'm bored, I sent a gonk on a wild goose search for random ass drawings I saw while waiting the bus the other day, so I just do shit.

And, just so I make sure that you know all the actors here, let me present myself.

My name is Jim-B, half-time prankster, half-time trickster, **full-time bozo**.





LUCID BRINE

Favorite Joke:

Why did the Media kill himself?

Because Netrunners are cheaper than hitmen these days.

Known for:

Being methodical, cold, scheming, and looking too much like certain politician.

Juicy secret:

The Media supposed to find this out killed himself.

Domain:

The City Center

Hailing from the City Center and embodying the most "Suit" aspect of running a gang, Lucid Brine joins the fray sharply dressed! It may not look like it, but that flower on his chest is more expensive than my family choom! Trust me, ol' Stripes would know of this shit! I killed my family to get that fuckin' flower! And I would fucking do it again! Brine doesn't joke around, when he tells you to DO something, you fucking DO IT. Not because this motherfucker is gonna have you gunned down your nearest alleyway, but because missing one of his jobs is like seein' five million eddies on the street and deciding that the gonk behind you deserves it more.

He's got the cash, he's got the rep, and he's got the strings, if you ever had a wish, Brine's like a fuckin' genie, only that instead of weirdly twisting your words so that now you are your own grandpa, he just asks you to deal with the lowest filth this shithole city has to offer...

Suits.

He assured his place of power within the Bozos after they all kept getting gutted the moment they put a foot down in the City Center. Brine, who at that moment was mere muscle, decided to start playing the suit game, see how far he'd get, and, shit, he realized he's fucking good at it. Good enough to allow the Bozos to have a foothold in the City Center, and play pranks on corps, which is always satisfying. It all started with the usual chaos our boys know to do, flooded offices, water on top of doors, killchips instead of the memory chips that were supposed to hold the sales from last year, the exploding intern gag (a classic), but then it devolved into... More bothersome things for corps, but less flashy.

Missing data, modified charts, erased databases, there was no blood, wet shirts or exploding interns, but word on the down-low was that Brine had managed to make just about every big suit furious, but does the end justify the means?

In my opinion, no, nothing justifies not pulling the exploding intern gag.



CACHITO

Favorite Joke:

I axed my friend a question last night, it got him split.

Known for:

The Wellsprings Massacre of 2067, The Wellsprings Massacre of 2068, The Wellsprings Massacre of 2069, the book "How to Perform a Massacre in Wellsprings", published by "I'm in the 4th Avenue being held at axepo-"

Juicy Secret:

Nobody knows where he got that axe, but the day Cachito appeared, there was an empty space left within the equipment room of NC's Firefighters.

Domain:

Heywood

Heywood is well known for being one of those places that's pretty preem, y'know, they have good places to eat, the Valentinos are bad but not "tear you limb from limb and mail them to your grandma" bad, unless you insulted Padre that is, but in general it's not bad. But every single district got its bad part, even if you live in the city center there's a high chance you are going to die within a week from poisoning due to the reek-ass deodorant corpos use, and in Heywood what's the bad part?

Well, let's see, you got the Valentinos which, yeah, might not be that bad but they are still bad, you got the general smell in the whole area, rampant drug addiction, and then you got Cachito and his goons, which probably amount for the reason apartments are so cheap in Wellsprings. His brand of Bozo humor is... Peculiar, to say the least, word on the street is that he was around the district when it still was South Night City, and according to the records we were able to get from the reclaimers that did cleanup job, these rumors might be true.

For the meats, humor is subjective, I don't particularly find any "Your mom" jokes funny, but that's okay.

The issue here is that what's funny to Cachito, is downright monstrous to the average Night City citizen, see, as an example, last Christmas it didn't snow in this city, probably because the Christmas Spirit has forsaken us too, but Cachito did not care, he went around Heywood, breaking into homes, stores, warehouses, HQs, hospitals, churches, you name them, and started chopping people up. It was a fucking 29-hour rampage that only finished the 25th of December, at 8 AM. When the orphaned children and teenagers of Night City woke up to open their presents, they found snowmen made of gore just outside their windows, their synthgrass painted red and pink, with a consistency that was just right to make balls and throw goreballs at each other.

And that, dear reader, was the Wellsprings Massacre of 2069.



CONFETTI

Favorite Joke:

Brought my Little Boy to work the other day, no fuckin' idea why everybody was so scared though, it was the bomb.

Known for:

High usage of tactics, excessive weaponry, and general comradery with Fools

Juicy Secret:

Despite his rough appearance, Confetti has a soft spot for sob stories.

Domain:

Santo Domingo

Confetti is a living legend for Fools all around the Bozo environment, a man that once wore the same bag as them, and went up the ranks until eventually getting a whole district to himself. Well, to be fair, the legend does gas him up quite a bit, truth is, Confetti is no "Legend from Nothing" deal, even when he entered as a Fool, he ditched the mask quite quickly, as, unknown to his superiors, he used to be part of 6th Street, and had only gotten kicked after he beat his squad commander to a bloody pulp, but don't tell that to the Fools, who knows how they'll take it.

Due to this, all of the chaff within the Bozos has, at the very least, respect for this man, respect enough to do any sort of shit for him, and, to be fair, he is also quite respectful of the little numbskulled Fools, thinks it's brave to do the shit they're doing just for an ideal. Thus, his squadron of clowns is usually comprised mainly of Fools and low-level shitheads, funnily enough, you give a Fool a Perseus, and suddenly their killing power has gone off the charts. However, this means Confetti's operations are usually quite expensive, and every day it seems like they are less prank-oriented, and more like he's trying to achieve something, but nobody quite knows what. Lately he's been hitting several convoys carrying weaponry, some say it's to feed his own ops, but word on certain places is that he's in deep with the NUSA, and he's making sure that, should they wish to, gov't still has a way to take over NC.

Truth is, nobody knows what Confetti's true motives are, but Bozos will follow him to hell nevertheless, and this has led to quite the funny outcomes. When you have that much manpower, you can get quite creative with your plans, such as the time that an NCPD Deputy challenged him openly, saying that if he made even one single more operation, they would unload all their ammo on his men. Confetti took this to heart and decided to unleash "Operation: Empty Vaults" on the Precinct. He overran the place with Fools who would just go around stealing change. When the NCPD started firing, he kept sending in Fools, until the precinct eventually ran out of ammo, and the Fools had free reign, thus, they stole all the change, desk utilities, computers, and every single intern named Jerry.



MY
BEST
FRIEND

GARY

NAME:

GG
U

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Please contact the Sunset Editors, your position in queue is 2382549420853893115143181519192085181514.

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I ♥ ALL

JOKES

KNOWN

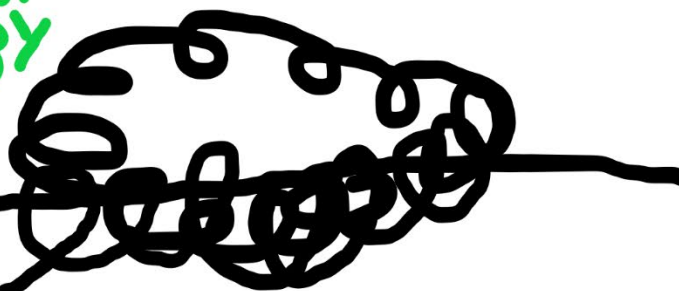
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BEING
FUNNY

DOMAIN:

F.V.
GARY

PACIFIKA





← Maelstrom

FIEND

Favorite Joke:

How many bozos do you need to tell a joke? How many bozos do you need to tell a joke? How many bozos do you need to tell a joke? (Repeat)

Known for:

Liberal use of cyberware, colorful displays, being friends with the Meth King.

Juicy Secret:

A good part of his cyberware is made from the same metal that once formed the Ancient Sword of the Meth King, guaranteeing an eternal high.

Domain:

Watson

Don't mind the name too much, Fiend is one of the few that sticks to what made Bozos a different gang back in the Time of the Red. Maybe it's the drugs doing the heavy lifting, but they're quite a crafty fella, trying to one up themselves every year, and always looking for new avenues to exploit.

In their first year as a bozo, Fiend already knew they were destined for greatness, as, the moment their Fool outfit was done, they snatched their nearest superior and filled 'em with all kinds of drugs, then properly charged into battle, riding their leader as a horse, with the nearest lead pipe working as a makeshift cavalry weapon. For that stunt, they were immediately promoted, and every time they got promoted, they would still do the same shtick. That shtick being, using their superiors for dirty work, first it was lacing the Birthday Soda they had with Black Lace, and clearing a Maelstrom compound they were hired to scout, then it was the "Boss-a-zord", which was the time they managed to turn a bunch of Bozos into a human mech which, even though no recordings live, survivors say "it was glorious", and that's without mentioning the Blue Glass bomb, which sadly didn't come to fruition, but word is that it still resides somewhere within Watson, waiting for its moment to shine...

But if there's a takeaway from this choom, let it be that it doesn't really matter what Fiend tells you to do, rest assured, it's gonna be funny as shit.

DOUBLE BUBBLES

Favorite Joke:

Neither of the two sides can agree on which joke is their favorite.

Known for:

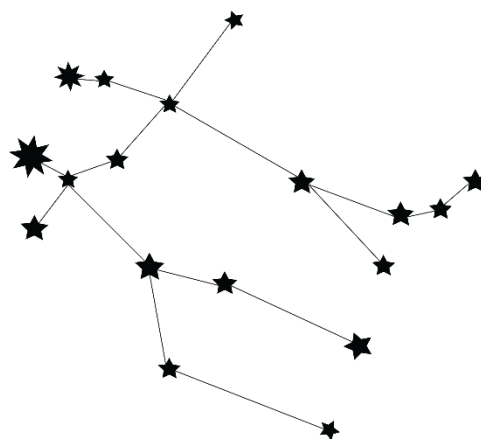
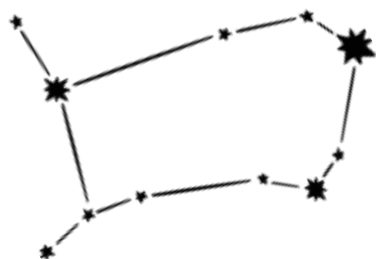
Being conjoined twins, living in a cryotank for a long time, managing to survive being at the mercy of Raz for a long while.

Juicy Secret:

The two sides never agree on anything, except on one singular thing, TV used to be better.

Domain:

Westbrook



So, look, truth be told, not much is known about Double Bubbles, there's records of them existing a WHILE ago, but every trail goes cold for about... 20 years or so, and they've only started stirring up shit a year ago. And let me tell ya, what a fuckin' shitstorm. Legitimately batshit individuals, they are a one man... thing... army, seriously, Westbrook used to be the turf of a guy called Big-Shoes Joe, well after Double Bubbles was done with him, they started to call him Half-Foot Joe, where did the other half of his feet end up? I'm sure you can figure it out.

After they were done with the head, the saying usually goes that the body follows, but it's mostly a way to say "Go for leaders, and their squads will crumble", well, Double Bubbles took it as "I must also go for the body". Understandable misunderstanding, I fucking guess.

They hunted every single Bozo who still chose to remain loyal to Big-Shoes Joe, grabbed every single corpse, and hosted themselves a welcome party, decorations made from entrails, appetizers made from human flesh, and other heinous shit that I won't mention for your sanity. They took Westbrook by force, and once they were done, they chilled out quite a bit. Nowadays they take to "Personal" pranks, you know the usual "We kidnapped your kid" prank? Well, the very same, only that they will actually kidnap your kid, only to leave them on the trunk of your car, completely unscathed. **A wild card.**



THE BODY LOTTERY

"Your friends would've wanted you to win."



Hund

2049 – 2070

☠ **FIRST BLOOD** ☠

This obituary has been reclaimed by the New United States of America.

Glory to the NUSA.



THE BODY LOTTERY

"All on red, all is black."



Watcher

2007 - 2070

Jonah "Watcher" Knight died allowing two others to live free.

He had hardly managed to see the sights before his untimely end. Or, timely, considering how old he was. NUSA covered up any loose ends regarding his death, and no words were ever spoken of him again. Except, perhaps, the grieving cries of his old partner Clara.

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?



GO TO HELL

The other day I was talking with Jimmy, see, Jimmy is my dealer, he told me he found this one drug that's very cool, the only issue is that if you put it on your mouth it takes an eternity to hit, if you snort it you die, that's how Kevin died yeah that's how his body ended up on the floor and that's why I called you to help me. So, the only option is shoving the thing up your butt, no I'm not joking, immediate high, Jimmy was jumping through roofs after he did that, oh yeah his pants were still down. So anyhow that's how that splatter outside my apartment ended up there, shit was crazy. I took some but instead of hopping around I went on a crazy spending binge, then I went to Vegas because I was broke from buying all those things, met a guy cosplaying as Elvis there, can't remember much after that. So, yeah, it's a nice apartment overall, we are still setting on the price agreed right? Cool, help me with Kevin.

=====

The Neon Sunset is a community effort, it is only possible through the combined forces of GMs and Players of Neon Red, to make our Living Community more, well, alive. Without your help, we won't have any news to report, and every month will start feeling the same after the Editors burn all their creativity juices.

Everything counts, long, short, bite-sized, the important part is that you are willing to help us.

Thus, if you are a Player, or GM, and feel there's something you want to put in the Sunset for everyone to see, contact the Editors!

Keep pranking, keep joking, keep tricking, clown.



"I work there (She works there, trust her)"

By .paladin

What the fuck is Neon Red?

Neon Red is a Living Community for Cyberpunk RED, which, in January of 2025, underwent a Reset to adapt the Edgerunners Mission Kit to the server. We are currently in a golden age for new players, as the server is brimming with new characters to meet, new fixers to work under, and new threats to be discovered.

The best part?

Due to the nature of Living Communities, Neon Red does not ask much commitment from its players, games are made to be picked up, played, and then we might never see you again if you didn't like it. No scheduling issues, no bad blood, pick a game that fits your schedule and start playing immediately!

If you are willing to give our community a try, then hop on in, we are missing a vital piece, and that piece is you.

Join Here! → discord.gg/neonred